EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865 Upsala College Library East Orange, N.J. 11,000,000 SLAVES: C. W. W. GREENIDGE

THE Nation

SEPTEMBER 15, 1956
20c

BATTLE OF CHARLOTTESVILLE

Symbol of the Divided South

by Dan Wakefield

Challenge to America

The Atomic Crossroads

by William Hammatt Davis

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A COMMUNICATION

SUPER-TANKERS AND THE SUEZ CANAL

The author of the following letter is an experienced seaman who has held a master's license for fifteen years and has worked largely on oil tankers.

THE HEAT generated by Egypt's nationalization of the Suez Canal has brought to the surface some arguments that bear close scrutiny. Thirty years of service in tankers and freighters and many passages through the canal should be sufficient background for a shipmaster to speak with at least a degree involved. I do not, of course, profess to speak of the political aspects.

The principal technical arguments raised by the West in favor of internationalization are: (1) the Egyptians cannot maintain the canal to serve the increasing demands; (2) They do not have the necessary pilots.

The first argument is based on the fact that tanker traffic is increasing in both volume and size of ships to the point where dredging operations are too formidable for the Egyptian government to handle. It is true that today's super-tankers are too deep to negotiate the canal—and if someone were to tell a layman it is possible to take a tanker drawing forty feet through a canal thirty-five feet deep he would probably be nominated for a berth in a lunatic asylum. In fact, it is an easy operation.

Assume a tanker six feet too deep to pass through the canal arrives at the southern terminus, Port Suez. Obviously, the vessel must be raised six feet. This is done by pumping enough oil into a self-propelled barge enabling the tanker to decrease her draft by the necessary amount. The tanker and barge then proceed through the canal and at the northern terminus, Port Said, the barge pumps the oil back onto the tanker. Such an operation would involve only six hours' delay at the most. For the same tanker to go around the Cape of Good Hope would involve an additional fifteen days.

The foregoing is not the only solution. A pipeline across the isthmus of Suez with a tank and pumping station on each end would serve the same purpose. The overdraft tanker pumps her excess oil into a tank at the southern terminus. While the tanker is making the canal transit, the oil is pumped to the northern terminus. When the tanker arrives at Port Said the oil is pumped back on. Again the loss of time would only amount to about six hours.

Incidentally, the establishment of a pipeline and pumping operation across the isthmus would eliminate the need for at least fifty per cent of the tanker traffic. An oil storage depot at the northern terminus would enable super-tankers to discharge their oil at the southern terminus, whence it would be pumped across to the storage tanks at Port Said. From here the oil would be picked up by smaller tankers which could negotiate the European harbors. This would save considerable time for the operators, since their tankers would not have to negotiate the canal. And the Egyptian government would more than make up for the loss in transit revenue by the lease of tanks to private operators and from a charge for pumping the oil across the isthmus.

These expedients are far simpler and cheaper than deeper dredging. Present dredging operations could be limited to widening the canal so that vessels could proceed through at full speed instead of at half or three-quarter speed as they do at present. Between the increase in speed and the elimination of a large part of the tanker traffic, the present congestion would be greatly relieved.

These alternative procedures are bound to be arrived at by the Egyptian Government or by whoever handles the canal. Such being the case, it hardly seems reasonable to assume that the Egyptian Government is not or will not be technically equipped to handle the canal in a satisfactory manner.

As for piloting, in my judgment the canal is just about as easy a place as there is for a pilot to negotiate. With practically no tide or current, the pilot has little more to do than to stay in the middle of the channel. Any good navigator could handle a pilot's job in this waterway with a week of practice. During World War II, men on American and foreign flag vessels were compelled by circumstances to do their own piloting in far more rugged places than Suez. Europeans formerly did the piloting into Shanghai and Calcutta. Today they are gone and the piloting is being done by natives. This itself should answer the question as to whether or not the Egyptians can handle the pilot problem.

The main thing is, no matter how you or I or anyone else feels about the Egyptian nationalization of the canal and the politics involved, don't be surprised if they can make it stick as far as operations are concerned.

HARRY RUSSELL

New York

In This Issue

EDITORIAL

209 ● Subversion in the South

ARTICLES

210 ● Battle of Charlottesville
by DAN WAKEFIELD

214 ● Challenge to America
by WILLIAM HAMMATT DAVIS

217 ● Together in a Sea of Soap
by DAVID CORT

220 ● 11,000,000 Slaves
by C. W. W. GREENIDGE

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

222 ● The Convenience of History
by WILLIAM A. WILLIAMS

224 ● But "La-di-da" Is Non-U
by JOHN R. WILLINGHAM

225 ● Poems in a Procrustrean Frame
by M. L. ROSENTHAL

Hart Crane (a poem)
by WALTER LOWENFELS

226 ● *Letter from Paris*
by GERALD SYKES

Memory of Paris (a poem)
by JOHN CIARDI

228 ● *Records*
by B. H. HAGGIN

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Freda Kirchwey, Editorial Contributor
J. A. del Vayo, European Correspondent

Harold Clurman, Theatre
B. H. Haggin, Music
Anne W. Langman, Television
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Maxwell Geismar, Keith Hutchison, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson, M. L. Rosenthal (Poetry Editor).

The Nation, Sept. 15, 1956, Vol. 183, No. 11

The Nation, published weekly by The Nation Company and copyright 1956, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $7, Two years $12, Three years $17. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1956
VOLUME 183, NUMBER 11

THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Subversion in the South

A man in the uniform of the United States Navy is protected by National Guard troops from an angry mob bent on physical injury and molestation for no reason other than that he is a Negro.

A deputy district attorney is threatened by a mob and hurries from the scene.

In Tennessee, National Guardsmen are stopped by members of a mob and threatened with knives.

In Mansfield, Texas, a stuffed figure made up as a "cotton-head" Negro is "strung up" from the flagpole in the white school yard while, across town, Negro children are hoisting the Stars and Stripes.

In Clinton, Tennessee, white parents are afraid to send their children to an integrated school because of threats that, if they do, their homes might be dynamited.

THESE are acts of subversion. The spirit manifested is the same spirit that moved Nazi Storm Troopers. What could be more truly subversive than for American parents to teach their children, by word and personal example, to hate and despise other children solely because of the color of their skin?

The upsurge of subversion in Texas and Tennessee points up the fallacy implicit in the argument that force should not be used to uphold the Constitution. The argument turns on the point that the use of force, of "troops and bayonets," would lead to bloodshed and violence. The facts point to a different conclusion. The wise and courageous action of Governor Frank Clements in ordering out the National Guard in Tennessee, and similar action by Governor Chandler in Kentucky, put a brake on mob action that might have resulted in wholesale violence.

The members of a mob are always cowards. They will maim and even kill when the odds are in their favor by, say, a ratio of 50 or 100 to 1, but there is not a hero in a carload when the odds are even. Mob action feeds on lawlessness. It seldom gets out of hand unless law enforcement officials either fail to act or, as often happens in the South, connive at mob violence. The timely use of force, as in Tennessee and Kentucky, avoids bloodshed and violence; it does not provoke it. In these states the battle for integration has been won although it will, of course, take time to complete the process. A similar victory might easily have been won in Texas. *Enforcement of the Supreme Court's decision will not provoke violence in the South, but the encouragement of mob action or any truckling to the South's subversive forces may well do so.*

The chief danger, at the moment, consists in the possibility that, softened up by a year's sweet talk of "moderation" and "gradualism," opinion leaders will capitulate even though the situation calls for firmness and determination. Walter Lippman, among others, has already begun to sound a retreat. Enforcement, he implies, must not be ordered where a majority in the local community is against integration. But on the issues of constitutional principle and human rights, we have never measured majorities by counties. Can a majority in a neighborhood drive a Negro home-owner from the precinct? This is not majority rule; it is mob rule. On issues of human rights and constitutional principle, the national and not the local majority must be respected.

In the present juncture, we need not only the courage to be fair but also the courage to be intelligent. The South is moving in the right direction; the bigots and hatemongers cannot hold it back except temporarily. Guardians of the South's most deeply-cherished traditions have shown more courage and spirit in espousing the future, as Dan Wakefield's story in this issue indicates, than the johnny-rebs-come-lately who speak and act not in the name of Lee and Jackson but of Bilbo and Rankin. But the South's subversives can cause trouble. Segregation and *apartheid* schemes are not established because a dominant social group simply cannot bring itself to tolerate a subversive group; segregation is a device to prevent an association which is imminent. Because the future is mammoth, as Mr. Wakefield observes, we cannot permit mobs armed with jackknives to abort it.

The Nation is not a pacifist publication. In our view, situations arise in the course of human affairs when the threat of force may be the only means to prevent bloodshed. To urge its use in such circumstances is not to provoke violence but to prevent it. Better men than the members of the Clinton and Mansfield mobs have died in defense of the American conception of human freedom and we would profane their memories were we to permit mobs to rob an entire generation of Southern Negro children of part of their heritage as American citizens, namely, the right to equal educational opportunities without regard to race or color.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHARLOTTESVILLE BATTLE

Symbol of the Divided South . . by DAN WAKEFIELD

Charlottesville, Va.

THIS history-marked Virginia town, with roots struck deep in America's past, came close to catching up with the future last week. The date was postponed—but not cancelled.

The end of summer saw the future held back in several different ways in scattered communities throughout the South, as some of its public schools took the first shaky steps toward making the Supreme Court ruling against segregation a national fact of life. In Mansfield, Texas, and Clinton, Tennessee, the new day dawned with the ugliness of riots and mob demonstrations. Here the old day was drawn out longer by a last-minute legal appeal.

On August 27 Federal District Judge John Paul suspended a ruling he had made three weeks earlier ordering Charlottesville to make a start toward ending segregation in its public schools when the term began the first week of September. The order would have made this town of 23,000 whites and 5,000 Negroes the first Virginia municipality to start desegregation. The suspension means that the appeal will go before the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals probably some time next month. And in the meantime, the public schools here have opened as usual: segregated.

In granting the suspension, Judge John Paul, native Virginian and son of a Confederate soldier, offered this personal view of the case: "Of course, as an individual, I do not expect my decree to be reversed by the appellate court. And I also know that you are playing desperately for time—at least I assume that it is desperate."

The "desperation" has been neither continuous nor quiet. When the Supreme Court ruling against segregation first was announced in 1954, Virginia's Governor Thomas B. Stanley met it without a trace of desperation—indeed, with stoic acceptance and some grace. These were his words:

> I contemplate no precipitate action, but I shall call together as quickly as possible representatives of both state and local governments to consider the matter and work toward a plan which will be acceptable to our citizens and in keeping with the edict of the court.

In line with this statement, a commission headed by state Senator Garland Gray was set up to study the problem. It later recommended a school-assignment plan which would have meant a gradual start toward integration. But following this summer's order by Judge Paul, and a similar one by Federal District Judge Albert V. Bryan ruling an end to segregation in Arlington County schools in 1957, Governor Stanley opposed the moderate Gray commission proposals and called a special session of the state legislature for August 27. There he backed a plan of his own which would cut off state funds to any school making a start toward integration. The result could be the closing of the public school system in Virginia—a far cry from the governor's statement of 1954.

The innocent observer might wonder why the governor's vehemence took two years to show itself, and why it suddenly burst upon Virginia with the righteous wrath of a true Defender of the Faith just moments before the future struck. Many Virginians feel that the governor decided—with the help of Senator Byrd—that the defenders of the status quo were too large and too powerful a block of voters to be dismissed with a moderate approach, and that a last-minute charge against the inevitable was the best answer to future questions from all the white knights.

In the meantime the show of righteous battle rages out of Richmond, adding more scars to the number already accumulated on the body of racial relations in the South. The gentlemen cry out against domination by the federal government; cry out for states' rights to determine their approach to the edict of equality. But at the same time, many of them push the governor's plan that would eliminate municipal and district rights by withholding funds from any community that wanted to operate its schools without segregation. They fear that within their own state there are certain communities which might go quietly ahead and accept the law of the land. Once that happened the line would be broken and the myths would begin to go. One of those feared communities is Charlottesville.

THE PRESSURES of change that are acting on this town are the same pressures that are, or will be acting, on hundreds of towns throughout the South. This is supposed to be one of the places where the change can be made with the least amount of difficulty; but the difficulties here are neither small in size nor few in number. Charlottesville's reputation as a point of progress, and the citizens who make that reputation, do help the community meet the problems—but can't by any magic sweep of the lamp of knowledge wipe them out.

The principal symbol of this town's tendency toward enlightenment is the University of Virginia, where the first colored student was accepted in 1950 and where a dozen Negroes will matriculate for graduate work this fall. The story of these students is still unmarred by any of the much-anticipated "trouble" that the white defenders tell us is inevitable in integrated schooling.

Beyond the entrance of Negro students, the university stands as a liberal symbol through its position as the center of higher education

---

DAN WAKEFIELD is The Nation's *roving reporter and the author of many distinguished articles for this magazine.*

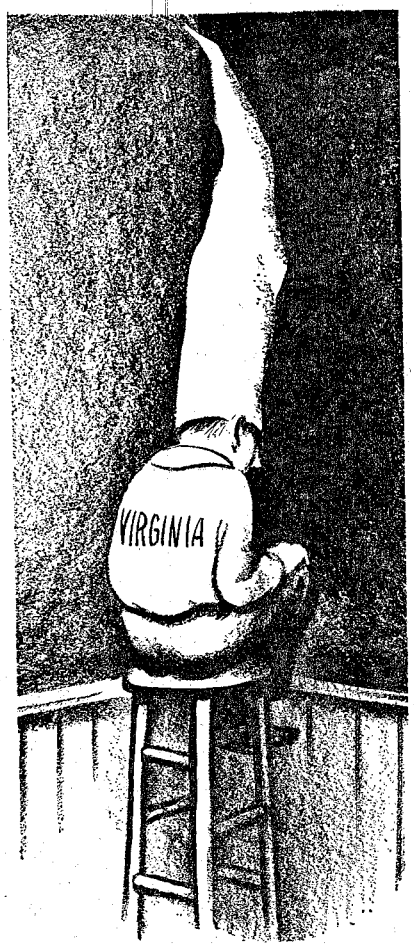
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and scholarship in the state. It has, in fact, provided the core, though not by any means the whole body, for the only local group besides the NAACP which is working in support of integration in the schools—the Charlottesville-Albemarle (county) chapter of the Virginia Council on Human Relations. There is also a small group of white people in the local NAACP, whose estimated membership of 1,500 makes it the biggest branch in Virginia and earned it the 1955 award of the organization as the fastest-growing chapter in the country.

One of the most ardent workers for desegregation in both these groups is a forty-eight-year-old University of Virginia faculty wife named Sarah Patton Boyle. "Patty" Boyle stands with enough credentials in the family tree to remove all suspicion that her ideas are a product of "Yankee" or "foreign" intrigue—and they rankle all the more sorely with the town's professional Anglo-Saxons because of that. Who among them had one of their grandfathers serving as personal scout for Lee and the other riding as colonel under Stonewall Jackson? The shades of the past in a land where they hover so significantly gives this woman a special kind of power when she speaks, as she does, for the future.

Mrs. Boyle first became interested in Negro civil rights some six years ago, when the case came up about the entry of the first Negro student into the university. Discussions with white and Negro leaders brought her to a new attitude on the whole question of the segregated South. "Up till then," Mrs. Boyle explains, "like most Southern whites, I had never talked with an educated Negro." Their side of the segregation story was a revelation to her, who had always considered the system "natural" before. Since that time she has written, spoken and organized for the cause of equal rights in the South, and in February an article by her entitled Southerners Will *Like* Integration was published in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The title, which was not her own, and actually not a conclusion of the piece, caused almost more anger



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

from Southern friends and readers than the text of the article itself. Her own title, changed for publication by the *Post* editors, was We Are Readier Than We Think. Ready enough, Mrs. Boyle feels, to have carried out school integration in Charlottesville with the term that began last week. To those who feel that the last-minute suspension will help in giving more time for preparation to integrate next fall, she says that "The best way to learn about integration is to integrate. There are so many fears and illusions that can't be dispelled any other way."

Shortly after the appeal to delay integration here had been granted, Mrs. Boyle and Mrs. Morris Brown sat in the living room of the Boyle home and recounted recent events to a visiting Yankee. Mildred Brown is a tall, slim woman in her middle-thirties, the mother of a fifteen-year-old boy in the Charlottesville (white) high school, and the newly elected vice president of the Charlottesville chapter of the Virginia Council on Human Relations (an affiliate of the inter-racial Southern Regional Council). Mrs. Boyle, a lively, graying woman in a lacy white dress and glasses that hang around her neck on a black ribbon, sat with a folder of notes and clippings on the coffee table in front of her. The two ladies might have been a committee for any town's Junior League fall program.

"I first got into all this myself after a mass meeting here in July to protest the integration," Mrs. Brown explained. "Judge Paul had said he was going to issue the order for integration and a meeting was called by the Defenders of State Sovereignty—that's the group here like the Citizens Councils. Well, they say it was the biggest meeting ever held in town. There were thousands of people, and after it was over the leaders said that all of the people there supported the protest against integration. I knew I for one didn't support the protest, or what those speakers were saying. I thought if there were others who felt the way I did we ought to get together. I'd never met Patty Boyle but I knew about her article in the *Post* and so I called her up."

THAT WAS the beginning of the local chapter of the Virginia Council on Human Relations. The first meeting was held July 27, four days after the Charlottesville mass meeting. The new organization didn't draw the multitudes, but it did find sixty-nine white and two Negro citizens of this Virginia town who wanted to be members.

Mr. E. J. Oglesby and his Defenders of State Sovereignty and Individual Liberties were surprised there were even as many "crackpots" in town as that. Both sides pursued their own ends in peace. The Human Relations group drew up a letter to the governor deploring the outlay of more than half a million dollars in public funds in the battle against integration, and affirming that:

> We believe that desegregation can be carried forward in such a way as to accomplish better education for our total community and that it is the clear responsibility of the school board to immediately make plans to do so. This is a local problem and our community is capable of solving it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The letter was adopted at the group's third meeting, August 23, when the business was interrupted by the shouts of the newest potential Grand Dragon of the day—John Kasper. This is the twenty-six-year-old agitator out of Washington, D.C., Camden, New Jersey, and Columbia University who was arrested a week later and sentenced to a year in jail at Clinton, Tennessee, after stirring Clinton High School's first desegregated opening into a series of riots.

As executive secretary of the Seaboard White Citizens Councils, Kasper and his imported cronies worked three weeks in Charlottesville, but was unable to bring his own brand of Citizens Councils into being—a brand disclaimed as too radical by the Citizens Councils of Mississippi as well as by the local Defenders of State Sovereignty. It was not the voice of the Defenders, but of John Kasper of Camden, New Jersey, that shouted to the Human Relations members that "We in the Citizens Councils have declared war on you people. We're going to run you out of town."

It was the cronies of Kasper who set the big cross to burning outside of the third meeting of the Human Relations Council and threatened Mrs. Morris Brown that there would be a cross for burning in her own yard. It was the people of her neighborhood in Charlottesville who gathered to defend her, a widow living alone with her children, the night the cross was supposed to be burned.

"Most of my neighbors aren't with me on my views about integration," Mrs. Brown said, "But no matter what their views were they stuck by me to see that there wouldn't be any trouble."

The cross wasn't burnt that night for Mrs. Brown, but a week later the threat was carried out on another lawn. The Yankee visitor was sitting in his hotel room in Charlottesville when the telephone rang and a pleasant voice said: "This is Mrs. Boyle. I just thought you'd want to know, there was a big cross burning out in the yard here tonight. Son took some pictures of it and then we put it out and brought it inside."

The visitor wondered how big a cross it was.

"Son? How big was that cross out there? 'Bout six feet? Yes, about six feet tall, I think. We're keeping it for a souvenir."

Mrs. Boyle and her friends felt that the cross was the work of Kasper's travelling agitators. The Charlottesville segregationist leaders are, of course, "respectable" folks, and as yet have offered no official threats to their fellow citizens, black or white. Charlottesville is not Mississippi; nor is it Plato's Republic.

BUT IF there is no immediate fear of the local segregationist leaders, there is little joy to be taken from the views of those most honorable Defenders of State Sovereignty and Individual Liberties, the foremost of whom are E. J. Oglesby and state Senator Edward O. McCue, Jr.

The home of Thomas Jefferson is just outside of Charlottesville; and also outside of town, in another direction, is the home of Mr. Oglesby, president of the Defenders. It sits surrounded by rolling hills, an archery range and a polo ground.

E. J. Oglesby, short and stout in khaki shirt and slacks that were decorated by a gold chain and a dangling Phi Beta Kappa key, sat in a red velvet rocking chair in his living room, clenching a pipe between his small teeth. He stated his credentials as defender of the people to the visitor from up North—native Virginian, head of mathematics department at New York University from 1919-1931, professor of engineering and mathematics at the University of Virginia from 1931 to the present, and special teacher of actuarial classes at Prudential Life Insurance Company for twenty-five years (this latter position requiring thirty-six annual trips north of the Mason-Dixon line to Newark).

"You can," Mr. Oglesby assured the visitor, "look it all up in *Who's Who*."

Thus established as a leading citizen, E. J. Oglesby, rocking gently and staring at the needlepointed message framed on the wall across from him—"God Bless Our Home"—proceeded to state his views on segregation:

"I figure it'll take about ten years for us to make the Northerners get it through their thick heads that we're just not gonna integrate. We'll keep passing bills and finding ways out. And if it comes down to it, we'll close the schools.

"This house you're sitting in right here used to be the Brookhill School for Boys—private school. It operated from 1857 to 1862, and then it closed down because the boys were all out busy killin' Yankees. We've got enough money here in this county to operate private schools for the whites. What the niggers are gonna do, I don't know. If we have to close the schools, of course, the nigger'll have to suffer from it—everybody knows that.

"Then, if the federal government says we have to operate schools, and operate integrated schools, we'll be ready to get out the bayonets. There were more Yankees killed in the last one than Southerners, and if they want to try it again, let 'em come on down."

FURTHER enlightenment was thrown on the subject by state Senator McCue, who had just returned from the legislative battlegrounds in Richmond, where the special session had bred its new bills to avoid the Supreme Court ruling. Fresh from the fray, Senator McCue leaned his lanky frame in his desk chair, smiled the quick smile that periodically flashes across his handsome face, and rendered his views:

"Of course we know this whole thing [integration] is being aided and abetted by the Communists and the Jews. The Communists want to mongrelize the race—weaken and conquer; and the Jews, they're so clannish, they want it so they'll end up being the only pure white race left, and have it all over everybody.

"You know, we've got a lot of carpetbaggers down here in Virginia—rich Yankees come down here to settle, and they're more segregationist than we are. What makes us mad is you Northerners up there with dirty hands coming down here to tell us what to do. I've been to New York many a time and I never see a nigger couple in a restaurant there—they're all segregated out in Harlem.

"All those organizations that are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so worried about minorities, why is it just the nigras? What about the Chinks and Japs over on the West Coast, and the Italians and Irishmen over in the East? Why not worry over them for a while? Why, we do more for the niggers down here than all the liberal organizations put together. So happens I got a nigger in my will, and I bet there's not many white men up North can say that.

"We don't want any trouble down here, but boy, you haven't seen trouble compared to what there'll be if integration starts. Economically, the nigger'll be outa jobs. There's plenty of poor whites need work. These niggers'll be outa work and we'll give 'em a little pocket money and a railroad ticket and send 'em up there where you people love 'em so much. I've heard a good deal of talk about just that—there's a lot of people willing to give money for that."

BUT Charlottesville has other answers. The answers of the Council on Human Relations — and the NAACP. This is the answer the visitor got from Ray Bell, a young Charlottesville-born and Boston University-graduated Negro of the local NAACP chapter:

"What we need now is some constructive thinking on the subject. We get this negative stuff all the time. Lots of white people have told me that they don't object to some Negroes being in the schools but they were worried about those little black kids who never washed and some of those poor slow ones it was hopeless to teach and would hold up others in the class. Well, I realize these kind of Negro children exist, but I say we've got to help them raise their standards. I don't throw them all in with the whites right away, but pick the ones who are best fitted, and assign them to the white schools. There are also bright colored children who are being slowed up by their classes, and I say that no bright child should be held up, white or black. If we could just get together, people from each of the communities, and talk about the problem along with the officials, I'm sure we could work something out."

Ray Bell was quiet for a moment, staring out the window, and said, almost to himself:

"But right now, as far as the officials go, there's just no communication."

The communication from the NAACP leaders here is massively and amazingly patient. These are people who have waited a hundred years and they still are waiting, and they say, "We can wait a little more." Even Senator Ed McCue was willing to admit that George R. Ferguson, the local Negro undertaker who is president of the local NAACP, was "a moderate man."

The Yankee visitor went to see George Ferguson and thought he had gotten the wrong address. Ridge Street was broad and lined with great trees, the houses sitting comfortably back on long green lawns. George Ferguson's home was a large red brick house with white pillars. Here on this single block in Virginia were white and Negro citizens living door to door in peace and comfort —and yet many of the parents were looking ahead with terror at their children going to school with the neighbor children.

In Charlottesville, Virginia, it's all right for Negroes and whites to live next door to each other, but it's not all right for them to go to school with each other. In Princeton, New Jersey, it's all right for Negroes and whites to go to public schools together, but it's not all right for Negro families to buy homes out of their own district and live next to white people. Our sacred social order, North and South, is as logical and healthy as a nightmare.

George R. Ferguson, the man in the pillared home, sat in an armchair puffing a pipe, and slowly, quietly, gave his own answers.

"We Southerners have to worry about our whole education system, regardless of white or colored," he said. "Virginia is ranked forty-fourth in education systems in the country. In the Second World War they proved in tests down at Fort Benning that the Southern boy wasn't up to the Northern boy, races aside —just didn't have as good an education. What with Russia and China coming up like this we've got to get to work and see each man develop his brain, Negro and white man alike —we're all Americans.

"Yes, I think there's no doubt that things will work out down here with integration. This is the atomic age; this is a new day."

It is some indication of the different worlds of Charlottesville that George Ferguson speaks in terms of the atomic age, and E. J. Oglesby extends his vision of the future and conjures up bayonets.

But there is also the silent world of Charlottesville, and its inhabitants are claimed by both of the worlds that are speaking out for what they believe. Patty Boyle wrote in the *Saturday Evening Post* that when she decided the Negroes should have equal rights, she imagined herself alone among Southern whites. But several years of talking, taking polls and studying the subject brought her to feel that ". . . The large majority, composed of good-willed but easy-going citizens, cower back, mistakenly assuming that there is nothing they can do about it because their 'number is so small.'"

Ed McCue III, son of the state senator, says: "Don't you believe it. I found those 'silent' people are the ones who are more set against integration than anyone. They sit back quiet but if it really comes they'll explode."

The occupants of the great middle ground have yet to raise their voices. They, like the mass of men in any time, are the neutrals—but this time, sooner or later, they will have to throw their weight against the future or accept it. Either way it will come; the question is how graciously, or how painfully. The crowds of Mansfield, Texas, and Clinton, Tennessee, threw themselves against it, and now it is coming in those communities with pain—but it still is coming. The E. J. Oglesbys and Ed McCues have the power to make things painful for Charlottesville. They can cause a good deal of trouble as the segregated past is buried, but they don't have the power to dig it back up again, and in their hearts they know it. They are hopeless men, picking at the mammoth future with jackknives.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHALLENGE TO AMERICA

The Atomic Crossroads . . by WILLIAM HAMMATT DAVIS

THESE United States of ours stand on the verge of greater adventure than ever before in our history. We stand there, irresolute, reluctant perhaps to take the plunge; but events flood in upon us on a rising tide. They will sweep us into their whirling currents whether we stand hesitantly still or plunge in and strike out to meet them.

The first half of this century has seen revolutionary changes in almost every aspect of life—changes which affect the relations of men to society and of the peoples of the world to one another. We need to seek their deeper significance. Forsaking nostalgic regrets and backward facing postures, we must advance together on the path that has been our destiny from the very start.

Outstanding among these revolutionary changes is man's release of atomic energy; and the most creative and benevolent aspect of that event is that in learning how to release atomic energy we also learned, partially at least, how to control it. In atomic *fission* we can either release uncontrolled destructive energy (A-bombs) or, if we choose, we can release the energy under control to serve productive purposes. With the hydrogen (*fusion*) bomb we have, at least for now, no such choice, for atomic fusion has not yet been brought under control. The awful power of the hydrogen explosion is unrestrained in its destructiveness and unlimited in its degree. It amounts, in fact, to a full reversal of the process of creation; a return to uncontrolled disorder of the ordered store of energy packed by the Creator into the atom when the physical universe was created. But our ability to control the fission of uranium subordinates its stored atomic energy to our constructive purposes—makes it in our hands a tool of creation such as man has never before been blessed with.

Thus we see, in this revolutionary power to release atomic energy, at once the awful potentiality of annihilation and the beneficent promise of abundance; a force so great that its mere existence tends to remove the threat of general war and at the same time assures us of an inexhaustible source of usable energy.

Let's linger a moment on this elimination of the threat of general war. It is evident to everyone and repeated everywhere that war between great nations with hydrogen bombs would give neither victory nor defeat; that *realization of this in Russia and in the West makes such a war no longer available as an instrument of diplomacy*. The difficulty is to grasp the reality of this fact; to absorb, understand and evaluate it.

It sometimes helps, in the face of such truly revolutionary events, to cast the story in allegorical form; let us undertake to tell it in that form from the beginning.

1. The story of the first interposition of the Creator in the affairs of mankind is told by Plato through the lips of Timaeus. Some 2,400 years ago, in a grove in Attica, Socrates, Timaeus, Critias and one or two others, having agreed that each in turn would venture to express his thoughts as to the origin of the gods and the creation of the universe, Timaeus was chosen to take the first turn. Remarking with humility that he and they, being only human, "could hardly expect a discourse in every way wholly consistent and exact" and "should be content with an account not less likely than any other," he said:

> The generation of the universe was a combination of necessity [the random force of chaos] and reason. Reason over-ruled necessity by persuading her to guide the greater part of things that become toward what is best; in that way and on that principle, this universe was fashioned in the beginning by the victory of reasonable persuasion over necessity.

Note the principles that governed this initial act of creation. In the first place, the interposition of the Creator was not by force but by reasonable persuasion. No *power* other than the power of persuasion was used; perhaps, indeed, none other was available. In the second place, not all, only the greater part, was ordered for good. The physical world, which always and everywhere obeys invariably the laws of nature, was evidently within the greater part; but not the hearts and minds of men. Bringing order out of chaos in the spiritual, emotional and intellectual realm of men's hearts and minds was left to a gradual process of creative evolution in which mankind, endowed with reason and free will, was to participate. The putting in order of the greater part may be thought of as Marquis of Queensberry Rules, so to speak, governing the minor part.

In this way, and under this protection, arose man's greatest obligation and his greatest attribute—

About the Author

William Hammatt Davis has spent much of his life resolving disputes by mediation and persuasion. He was a member of the New York State Mediation Board, 1937-40; chairman of the National Defense Mediation Board, 1941-42; chairman of the National War Labor Board, 1942-45, and chairman of the Atomic Energy Labor Relations Panel, 1949-53. He has advised various U.N. commissions on the techniques of mediation. His thorough understanding of the implications of atomic energy grows out of his experience as an eminent patent attorney and his service with the Atomic Energy Labor Relations Panel.

The Nation submitted to Mr. Davis the provocative Quaker pamphlet, *Speak Truth to Power*, with the request that he submit his own views on the implications of atomic energy and the possibilities for peace. This article is his reply. THE EDITORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liability to persuasion. As Alfred North Whitehead has put it:

> The worth of men consists in their liability to persuasion. They can persuade and be persuaded by the disclosure of alternatives, the better and the worse. Civilization is the maintenance of social order by its own inherent persuasiveness as embodying the nobler alternative. The recourse to force, however unavoidable, is a disclosure of the failure of civilization either in the general society or in a remnant of individuals.

Thus the core of civilization among men is seen to be, as it has been from the beginning, the creation of order out of chaos in the hearts and minds of men by reasonable persuasion.

We may assume that progress from the beginning was slow, or if not slow then spotty and too often subject to destruction by the chaotic forces of evil. At any rate, a second interposition of the Creator was in order.

2. The life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth dramatize the second episode in the story of the Creator's direct interposition in the affairs of mankind. As social contacts among men increased in extent and complexity, the Creator's plan had not worked too well. The need for a supplementary tool of persuasion was evident; and this time an emotional tool was chosen. The concept of the brotherhood of man was implanted in men's hearts, with its golden rule "As ye would that others should do unto you do ye even so to them" and its injunctions to love your neighbor as yourself, and to do good to them that despitefully use you. With this supplementary tool, the work of creative evolution went on.

3. The Creator's third direct interposition is of our own time. It had come about that man's inherent tendency to disagree with his neighbor, and disagreeing to resort to force, had developed into the arts of war. In the first half of this century that development, assisted by all the highly developed forces of physical science, reached the level of so-called "total war." Hundreds of thousands of regimented men exerted themselves to destroy other hundreds of thousands, including civilian non-combatants, whom they had never seen and toward whom they had no personal hatred. Would it be too much to assume that this extraordinary development was as great a surprise to a benevolent Creator as it was a disappointment?

In any case, measures were taken to put a stop to it. Mankind was permitted to learn how to release the inexhaustible energy that had been packed into the atom when chaos was persuaded by reason to order the greater part of things for good; to return parts of the ordered universe to chaos. But here again not all. A part, at least—the energy released by atomic fission—was made subject to man's control.

The consummation with its two-part effect, whether understanding of it is reached by the path of allegory or by mere observation of things as they are, is the outstanding revolutionary event of our time.

The first of these two effects, the

uncontrolled release of the annihilating force of the hydrogen bomb, has driven mankind into a corner; but a good one. The evil forces in the hearts of men which lead to war can no longer find expression in that way. They must be relieved or absorbed in the processes of reasonable persuasion on which we are now *compelled* to rely. That fact is, at least for the time being, the dominant aspect of international relations. We have to face up to it and draw the necessary conclusions. What are they?

The first conclusion is that the hydrogen bomb must on no account be put aside. Its continuing war-deterring influence must be preserved until year after year and stone by stone we can build up that mutual respect and confidence among nations upon which reliable agreement depends.

The second conclusion is equally plain. Men of good will everywhere and particularly the people of the United States, since they have the largest stake to win or lose, must apply themselves now, resolutely, with imagination and with all their resources to the processes of reasonable persuasion in world affairs.

Let no one think that the task is a light one; that these things can be done without hard, persistent work over the years that lie ahead of us, or that the temporary stalemate of general war justifies complacency. For progress by persuasion needs humility, patience, communication, factual knowledge, understanding, emotional maturity and empathy—that ability to put oneself in another's place without which the spirit of the golden rule is bound and fettered. Satan may be counted upon to be active and astute in besetting the way with gins and pitfalls. His prime attack, from all present appearances, will be under the slogan "We never had it so good." Fatty degeneration is the trap that will be baited and set for us. It is, perhaps, only the spirit of youth among us that, shunning that trap, will accept the adventuresome challenge; that will decline to be harnessed for life to acceptance of things as they are.

IF WE venture to take a somewhat closer look at the first of these conclusions—that the hydrogen bomb must not yet be put aside—it is not hard to foresee trouble ahead. One has to recognize, in the first place, that a continuing armament race is in its nature incompatible with the arts of reasonable persuasion, as the authors of the recent pamphlet, *Speak Truth to Power*, have so cogently and convincingly pointed out. It would be a mistake, nevertheless, to despair or to think that progress cannot be made toward reasonable solutions of common problems in the absence of respect and confidence between the parties. Indeed, mutual respect and confidence is more often the product than the

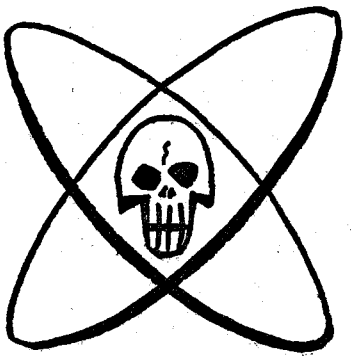
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

predicate of problem-solving by discussion, as the history of collective bargaining between representatives of management and workers has demonstrated. Experience shows that if a basis can be found for a beginning of agreement, the path to better things is opened up. For example, the attempt to limit the experimental explosion of hydrogen bombs, now actively proposed within the British government and elsewhere, might afford a toe-hold; mutual trust is not a pre-condition of such an agreement, since violations of it could not be concealed. On the other hand, the so-called stalemate of general war, while real enough as of now, lacks the element of a true stalemate: that no move can advantage either side. Consequently, it lacks assured permanency and retains the frustrating aspect of an armament race. Yet there may be another toe-hold here, for we are told by the experts that no advantage can be gained by mere accumulation of hydrogen bombs because "enough is enough," so that if the United States and the Soviet each knew—or now knows—that the other has on hand enough hydrogen bombs for annihilation, the futility of adding more would, in either country, make almost irresistible the pressure to stop wasting its economic substance futilely, to end a race that had already reached the tape.

BUT THE armament race involves also carriers for delivering the hydrogen bomb. Perhaps here, too, "enough is enough," so that a terminus might be reached if trust and confidence existed or adequate inspection could be devised. But here there is a further possibility; the development of radically superior defenses against the bomb carriers. One might imagine, for instance, the development of a lethal ray that could be focused and directed like a searchlight beam and which, when it reached a bomb carrier, could destroy or take over control of the carrier's radar, or make inoperative the bomb's firing mechanism, or explode the bomb in its cradle or otherwise make the delivery of the bomb too expensive to be attempted. But such a defense would have in it more of threat than promise. It would return mankind to the unenviable so-called "conventional" warfare for the settlement of its disputes; start us again on the disastrous path the hydrogen bomb is designed to block—a backward step that might be compared to suppressing the Sermon on the Mount.

Overshadowing all this, moreover, is the race to produce the intercontinental ballistic missile. There is much current belief among the experts that this race must be stopped before it reaches its goal; that then it will be too late. But it is indeed hard to see how it can be stopped either unilaterally or by agreement without the prior development of mutual trust or of effective inspection, and either of those developments would make available much wider agreement than limitation of the race for the ballistic missile. But is there, possibly, another view? Against such missiles there could hardly be any defense; the maintenance of the hydrogen-bomb stalemate would then be permanently assured. The first to reach the goal would still be deterred by the retaliatory power of airplane bomb carriers (in the absence of any full defense against them).

The foregoing highly speculative excursion among the pitfalls which seem to beset the path of reasonable persuasion in the field of armament has not been ventured upon with any pretense of specialized knowledge or with the thought, as Timaeus would put it, that the account is "in every way wholly consistent and exact," or even "not less likely than any other." Its two-pronged purpose has been first, to underscore the critical importance of the temporary stalemate of general war,



and second, to suggest that, until there has been built up over the years in the hearts and minds of men widely accepted points of view and mental and emotional attitudes adequate to support practical disarmament, there is little in the picture to encourage the thought that it can be achieved by agreement.

When we turn to the second effect of the release of atomic energy, the controlled atomic fission with its abundant source of usable energy, the picture of the possibilities of reasonable persuasion is very different. The need and the worth of resolute action on our part assumes more concrete and predictable form. Here it is immediately apparent that Russia and the United States are in no sense the only countries involved. It is not Russia alone with whom we have to live, but with all the peoples of all the world, and they with us and Russia with them. It is in this common life that the controlled release of the energy of atomic fission throws open the door to accelerated human progress along the path of agreement by reasonable persuasion.

In this common life with newly awakened peoples, the heart of the problem is how to pass from an agrarian economy of scarcity to the now available economy of abundance—how to drive hunger from history at last! The approach to this problem is one in which communication, factual knowledge, understanding and cooperation—the handmaidens of reasonable persuasion—are in their natural element. At the threshold lies the problem of capital formation. The countries and the peoples of the world now face this problem in a great variety of development. Russia, at least in theory, follows the absolute economic dogmatism of Marxian dialectic materialism, which we believe to be thoroughly discredited by economic history and which we abhor because of its totalitarian destruction of freedom of choice and of the dignity of the individual soul. We lead on another path, believing in economic democracy not only as the most productive materially but also, and more important, as the creative way toward the self-directed de-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

velopment of the individual until he freely and happily puts his talents at the service of the common welfare.

But as we look back over the pages of history, we cannot escape the fact that transition from an economy of scarcity to a power economy capable of abundance has never yet been made without imposing on the people hardships which, whatever may have been the case in the past, could surely be avoided now. With the knowledge and resources of the present, there is really no need to repeat the cruel sufferings of the industrial revolution. Is there not here a fruitful opportunity for a program of worldwide cooperative research? And would not the results of such research feed creatively the processes of reasonable persuasion?

In any event, the people of the United States face the inescapable obligation, if only for their own economic salvation, to participate in—indeed to lead in—the reasonable solution of these problems.

Together in a Sea of Soap . . .

by DAVID CORT

SCIENCE-FICTION writers like to terrify their audiences with the fantasy of a future super-state which bans solitude as evil, and makes "togetherness" compulsory. This had been only a writer's mad dream until I saw the label "The Magazine of Togetherness" under the name of the July *McCall's* magazine on a newsstand. The world of the future was already for sale, for only thirty-five cents. I hastened to pay this small price for getting together with the *McCall* ladies, now numbering 4,600,000, according to the Audit Bureau of Circulation.

I regret to report that *McCall's* is no more able to deliver "togetherness" than are the modern Communist and Fascist super-states. There was not even a proposition offered that the *McCall* ladies and I could get together on. The Duchess of Windsor has contributed an installment on The Drama of the Abdication (some juniors must have asked what abdication?). The story here is how Edward VIII came untogether from his subjects. Presumably he thus got together with Wallis, but not very much so. Another article is about The Mother Who Ran Away—a violation of the one togetherness that remains fairly constant. Joseph Welch, the tolerant and sensible Boston lawyer, had a ghosted piece that developed the difficulty of being together even with your own children: You Can't Teach Children Anything. Where was the togetherness?

With flagging hope, I turned to the fiction: five stories. The characters, far from being models of citizenship in the mass state, were all rather eccentric and difficult, usually lonely and a little cranky, but sincere and sophisticated.

More important was a curious style convention imposed on all the stories. The modern concept of the "package," the "come-on," has here reached fiction. In every story, some attempt at fine style is made in the first hundred words, but not beyond. In these opening lines, we have an older man with "polished silver hair," a "cool and fresh" girl in an "ocean-blue" dress. In another, six o'clock on Fifty-Seventh Street in New York City is a "magic, twilight hour," the antique-shop windows "richly laden with treasures," the art galleries "discreetly" vouchsafing single exhibits. The Fifty-Seventh Street traffic bedlam comes through as "a rich, muted glow"—on one of the noisiest and windiest blocks in New York. This overwriting in the first hundred words opens another story as if the heroine were losing her mind—"shocking bitterness," "deep, deliberate breaths," "pitifully grateful" (meaning pitiably)—when she is merely bored by life in a new town where her husband's job has taken them. He is named David. (This name is fine style for reasons not apparent to any living David.) However, I enjoyed four stories, though I did not finish the complete novel.

The stories give me the picture of how the *McCall* ladies think of themselves: luxury-loving but sensitive. A charming picture, and one I wish I could believe in.

But the far more revealing clue to the *McCall* ladies lies in the advertising pages. *McCall's* is in dead earnest about its advertising. It publishes the statement: "TRUTH IN ADVERTISING: *McCall's* will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms." Its advertising staff, as listed, comes to forty-nine names, whereas its editorial staff is only forty-six (and many of these are food, fashion and equipment specialists who have a lot to do with the advertisers). The picture the advertising gives is one of *McCall* ladies actually dining on

---

DAVID CORT, author of The Big Picture *and* The Calm Man, *is a frequent contributor to* The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

canned beans, meat balls and onion-burgers and doing their own housework. There is certainly a gap between the readers the editors are thinking about and those the advertisers are thinking about. I get the impression that neither version is very clearly seen. This matter of the advertising will be returned to in a moment.

Meanwhile, the fiction warrants closer attention.

It is reasonably sound and interesting fiction. However, it is open to two valid criticisms, which apply as well to almost all American fiction in the mass-media today.

THE FIRST is its predictability. The young couple bored in the strange town accept a party invitation that they think they got by mistake; the party simply has to lead to their success in the town: its opposite and more probable alternative is excluded by the conception of the characters. In another story, there is a handsome hired man and an unsolved murder; to any modern reader the hired man has to be the murderer; the writer would not have told us about a murder if he did not have a murderer on hand. An excellent story of a little boy who hates his stepfather has to end with his liking his stepfather; no other outcome is conceivable to a *McCall* reader. Another good story of a girl who rediscovers a young man she had snubbed in her youth has to end with wedding bells; this one echoes a new fashion in that nobody gets kissed.

What De Maupassant or even O. Henry would have done with the plot ideas is uncertain, but their stories would not have been predictable.

Referred to the life around us, each of the stories is also loaded with improbability. Going to a party where one is unknown and getting a job promotion is a widely shared fantasy, but it rarely appears in the world of reality. What the story really advises is "Don't give a damn, and results may surprise you." The murderer is a madman who in real life would have betrayed himself in one of a hundred ways: his crimes are not only foolish but impracticable. Stepsons aged twelve do not change their emotional patterns overnight by sheer acts of will and justice; mothers are not quite as impotent or stepfathers quite so long-suffering. And the relationship between the snubbed young man and the girl who has changed her mind is so improbable as to be embarrassing.

THESE stories explain something of what the new editor of *Harper's* may have meant when he foolishly told an Authors' Guild meeting that fiction in America is dead. Fiction is not dead; it has hardly begun to fight. But two things have happened to it.

First, it has been displaced by a lot of supposed non-fiction which is really disguised fiction. Most articles in American magazines fall under this heading. Second, the writer of fiction, by letting the editors dictate technique, has lost 90 per cent of his birthright: credibility. One cannot believe stories that are wildly improbable; but improbability is a lot less fatal in fiction than predictability. The mastery of sure-fire fiction techniques, taught in 10,000 classrooms, is self-defeating. It separates fiction from its only energy source, life itself.

Every writer, and also every reader, is the world's greatest authority about life. And everybody knows that life is not predictable. To read a story whose outcome is inevitable is a nervous exhaustion, beneath the surface pleasure of being carried along on an orderly fantasy. The writer's recourse is only to look at life again. If he will reflect its appalling unpredictability, he will be believed again, and fiction will once more come back to life.

Writers have become jugglers, acrobats and legerdemainists; but these acts never finish the show. Almost anybody can be a juggler with a few years' training; the true writer is born, and must follow his calling.

The *McCall* stories, all good juggler tricks, sometimes have heart and guts too. The editors are glad to get the heart and guts, but they are buying the trick, the deliberate conventional lie to the reader.

A model of bad editing comes midway in the party story, in this paragraph: "Wednesday she felt suspense. Also, she got out her three best dresses and the time flew while she made decisions."

I do not believe that the writer wrote this paragraph, which sets several new marks for bad writing. The editor, to inject suspense, simply put in the word "suspense." To give an impression of time passing, the editor put in "the time flew." The spectacle is of the juggler dropping all his plates at once, to the sound of crashing illusions.

A prime example of the new fiction masquerading as non-fiction is the Duchess of Windsor's memoirs. Here again of course there is a David, to lend fine style. There is indeed a sort of fascination in watching the Duchess pretend she did not know what she was doing to David by leaving him alone in England to make up his "mind." She is so sure of herself that she even quotes a companion's question whether she was not, by leaving, forcing on the abdication, and can thus pour on the soap opera: "my brain was spinning," "desperation," "utterly bewildered," "preposterous." These reactions could well apply to some women; for all one knew at the time of the abdication they might have applied to Wallis Warfield Simpson; now we know her better and we know they are sheer invention.

EDWARD VIII comes out well in these pages. We cannot expect the picture of Wallis holding the King's head as he threw up in the morning, or of this kindly lady feeding him the day's first pick-me-up. There is an odd quality in what we are actually given that makes one think of a lady chicken crowing like a rooster. In many ways this non-fiction was fascinating, and did me no harm.

A note of sadness is struck by the advertisements, which convey that perhaps all is not well with *McCall's*. Too many are institutional ads: the carpet institute, the national-cotton batting institute, the beer institute, the paint institute, the glass containers, manufacturers institute, defense bonds and A. T. & T. ("with the telephone, you're never really alone": togetherness in the ads yet). Those great life-savers of the American press, automobile, cigarette and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whiskey ads, are totally missing here; their lack is not entirely made up by canned beans and soups, soaps, shampoos and deodorants, though Procter & Gamble takes four pages. Rather ominously, a lot of *McCall's* ads were plated for a smaller page, and were stuck in here. The ads come to about 58 pages out of 144: a poor proportion, in view of those forty-nine advertising salesmen.

The explanation should be found in the circulation figures, but no explanation could be less correct than this one. *McCall's* has the second biggest circulation among women's magazines and has even risen slightly in the past year. At 4.6 million, it is behind *Ladies' Home Journal* at 4.9 and well ahead of *Woman's Home Companion,* sinking to 4.1, *Family Circle* at 4, *Good Housekeeping* at 3.6, and *Woman's Day*, skidding from 3.8 to 3.4. Some other explanation is called for.

THE WOMEN buy the magazine and they get a lot of value. Besides what I have described, they get advice on dressmaking, interior decoration, recipes, parliamentary procedure, calories, money, babies, laundry and beauty, larded through the issue or available in booklets for twenty-five cents. Actually the magazine value is far too high for only thirty-five cents; *McCall's* recently raised the price from twenty-five cents. Still, as *The Nation* pointed out a month ago, the readers do not pay for American mass magazines.

Combine this fact with the advertisers' recent discovery that most mass magazines largely duplicate one another. The advertisers' conclusion may be that they are supporting a lot of unnecessary literature.

Another fact of great significance is that the products advertised duplicate one another far more flagrantly than the media do. The great companies may have several score products, many of them competing and handled by half a dozen different advertising agencies. The lineup of Procter & Gamble, General Foods or American Home Products is almost unintelligible as a coordinated business operation.

I defy any lady to identify the products of all the brand names on the P & G list: Camay, Cheer, Dash, Duz, Dreft, Ivory Bar, Ivory Flakes, Ivory Snow, Joy, Kirks Castile, Lava, Oxydol, Spic & Span, Tide, Zest, Drene, Gleem, Prell, Shasta, Lilt, Wondra, Teel; and Crisco, Fluffo, Primex, Sweetex and Nutex. When you think that each of these has to be advertised as the miracle of the world, you begin to get the inevitable cynicism of P & G. It doesn't much care whether one of its products draws ahead of another of its products. In our issue of *McCall's* it advertised only four: Ivory, Oxydol, Tide and Gleem.

Lever, with Lux, Rinso, Lifebuoy, Swan, Dove, Gold Dust, Silver Dust, Breeze, Surf, Vim, Pepsodent, Chlorodent, advertised none. Such a snub to the *McCall* ladies must have meaning.

A popular explanation is that the big advertisers are going to TV. The results in some cases have been extremely disappointing, so this may change. But meanwhile an unreasoning hatred of certain commodities with especially nagging and offensive commercials has been the primary achievement of TV advertising. Some people leave the commercial on just long enough to work up a towering rage and then turn off the set for the enchantment of silence. Consumer hatred is certainly something new and strange in the world.

BUT advertising in general is touched with a note of underlying frivolity. The real reason for this is that the U. S. government makes it tax-deductible, just like research and development. The institutional ads in *McCall's* are probably there for tax deduction purposes. Thus, as it turns out, this whole wonderful round robin is supported by the taxpayer, not only in that he pays for the products he buys, but that he pays for the advertising that is supposed to be seducing him into buying them, and so, though his thirty-five cents does not really pay for *McCall's,* in a final sense he is paying for all of *McCall's.* The happy American citizen is not getting a thing for nothing.

The game played among the advertiser, agency, medium, government and citizen is not a real game, except for the citizen who is the only one who thinks it is. This is the kind of game in which the idea is only to move the ball around smartly and keep everybody warmed up. It is called a "pepper-game." P & G has $90 million in stage money that the government says is tax deductible. It spreads it around among radio, TV, newspapers and magazines, with 15 per cent for the agencies. It doesn't care whether the ladies buy Cheer, Dash, Duz, Dreft, Joy, Oxydol or Tide; they have to buy one. Everybody will certainly remain happy, so long as it remains a "pepper-game." Should the game ever turn real, it would suddenly all be very different, with new rules. The surplus media, agencies and products would vanish very quickly; and this would be very sad.

THE fact is that American women's magazines have already seen a dark cloud no bigger than a man's hand, either for all the reasons given or for still another—the nature of the average woman's intellectual life. This last must be considered too, very modestly because it will be rejected very violently. Everybody is of course glad that the modern woman has any intellectual life at all, but its nature must be examined sooner or later.

The cultural problem in America today goes beyond who reads, listens or sees (women, of course), to who pays any real attention to what he or she reads, who believes at all in words, who can consider new ideas calmly, and who is capable of any loyalty to a particular medium.

I question whether the majority of the *McCall* ladies, who are supposed to do most of America's reading, are, under the foregoing tests, really qualified readers. The American publishing world puts its main reliance on these ladies. But it should be asked very seriously whether they are especially worth talking to.

McCall's sub-head, "The Magazine of Togetherness", expresses this doubt in an inverted way. The *Ladies' Home Journal* expresses it even more frankly with its own subtitle, "The magazine women believe in." If the women had not stopped believing, these slogans would be unnecessary and pointless.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

11,000,000 SLAVES

The Shocking Facts . . by C. W. W. GREENIDGE

London

AS THIS IS written, thirty-eight nations are meeting in Geneva for a U.N.-sponsored conference to further the abolition of something most Westerners find it hard to believe still exists—the institution of slavery. To an estimated 11,000,000 men, women and children now held in various types of slavery all over the world—national laws and international agreements notwithstanding—the conference has a deep significance.

Article I of the League of Nations' Slavery Convention of 1926 defines slavery as "the condition in which any or all of the powers attaching to the right of ownership are exercised over a human being." Slaves are saleable property; husband and wife, mother and child, may be sold apart. It is the attribute of "property" which distinguishes slavery from the currently more familiar institution of "forced labor." The latter is basically a penal institution through which a government exacts labor from a person it desires to punish.

TODAY slavery flourishes in many parts of the world under one or another of four different forms: Chattel slavery, the sham adoption of children, the sale of women into marriage without their consent and peonage (serfdom), with which is coupled debt-bondage.

Chattel Slavery. This old and crudest form of slavery is now found only in the Arabian peninsula between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. There, for the most part, the institution has long been integrated into the economic and social structure of the countries. As in the pre-Civil War American South, children born of a slave mother live and die as slaves; like any other piece of property, they may be bought, sold and inherited. And again as in early American slave days, the supply of slaves is augmented by recruitment from abroad—mostly from black Africa.

Regarding the enslavement of free peoples from outside the Arabian peninsula, the Reverend Emmanuel La Gravière, a pastor of the French Protestant Church, introduced three important pieces of evidence in the course of a report he made on the subject last year to the Assembly of the French Union. The first is a dispatch from the French Ambassador in Saudi Arabia in 1953, which describes how Saudi Arabian slave-traders send African emissaries, posing as Moslem missionaries, to entice fellow-Africans to accompany them on religious pilgrimages to Mecca. Once in Saudi Arabia, they are arrested as illegal immigrants and subsequently turned over to the traders who sell them on the slave market. The Ambassador estimated that several hundred slaves a year were added to the Saudi Arabian supply in this fashion.

M. La Gravière's second piece of evidence consists of the testimony of Awad el Joud, a French African who was brought to Mecca by his employer along with four other servants. All five, testified Awad el Joud, were sold into slavery by their employer. The testator subsequently succeeded in making his escape and returning to his native village. His story is supported by a letter from the French Ambassador in Saudi Arabia to the Governor-General of French West Africa, which reports the incident substantially as Awad el Joud tells it.

The sale of servants into slavery by their Mohammedan African employers visiting in Mecca is not a new phenomenon. It was reported to the League of Nations as early as 1936. The wealthy Mohammedans use their servants as travellers' checks with which to pay for the pilgrimage which the Mohammedan religion demands. This kind of check has always proved cashable in the slave markets of the Mohammedan Holy City.

There is evidence that slaves are also reaching Arabia from Iraq, Iran and Baluchistan. In September, 1955, the Iraq police arrested a trader who for several years had been supplying young girls to high-placed persons in Saudi Arabia; when arrested, he had fifty persons in his possession whom he had intended to sell into slavery. He was convicted and given a ten-year sentence. The Anti-Slavery Society of the United Kingdom has been informed that slaves were being taken from Baluchistan to Arabia as late as 1953, and Major W. O. Little, a British officer on duty in the Buraimi oasis last year, informed the society that Saudi Arabians pay high prices for slaves from Oman.

THE Saudi Arabian government insists that it has laws prohibiting slave-trading and denies that it is itself conniving in the trade. It is true that the late King Ibn Saud issued a decree in 1936 banning the enslavement of free persons and the importation of slaves by sea. But it is also true that the same decree, which has never been rescinded or supplanted, specifically grants slaves certain rights against their masters. It is inconceivable that a government would pass laws to protect slaves if there were no slaves to protect. And as to the question of connivance in the slave trade, one must weigh the evidence furnished by the French Ambassador as against the denials of the Saudi Arabian spokesmen at official government level.

It is interesting that during the current Geneva meeting, a proposal by Britain that authority be given for the search of ships suspected of carrying slaves, led Arab leaders to say: "You are permitting equally

---

C. W. W. GREENIDGE is the secretary of The Anti-Slavery Society, with headquarters in England.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Woodcut by David Shapiro

bad things in your colonies and you are trying to use slavery as a pretext for interfering with our shipping and our independence."

Evidence that slavery is practiced both in Yemen and in Oman, though perhaps to a lesser degree than in Saudi Arabia, can be found in the writings of many persons who have lived in these small countries. Dr. Claude Fayein, a French woman physician, recently wrote in the Paris *Le Monde* that she had herself treated woman slaves in Yemen as late as 1951. In 1950 an official of a Jewish organization engaged in transporting Jews from Yemen to Israel, testified before an *ad .hoc* committee of the U.N., of which I was a member, that slavery exists in Yemen. As regards Oman, a state under the military protection of Britain, there is the evidence of Dr. Paul Harrison, an American medical missionary. Dr. Harrison has reported that thousands of slaves are employed, under the most abominable and inhuman conditions, in Oman's pearl-diving industry along the Persian gulf.

Most Moslem countries have abolished slavery as repugnant to the teaching of the Koran. But in Arabia the wealthy and the aristocratic are too proud to perform menial tasks, and the persistence of slavery as an institution has been the result.

Sham Adoption of Children. This practice is found mainly in the Far East. Poor families sell some of their children to wealthy households as servants or concubines; sometimes they are sold into prostitution. Before World War II, a Chinese welfare organization estimated the number of these sham adoptions—the Chinese call them *mui tsai*—at 3,000,000. There are, of course, no statistics on the situation in today's Red China. Remnants of the practice persist in Hong Kong and Malaya, but British efforts to suppress it show progress. In Hong Kong, for instance, it is estimated that the number of sham adoptions has dropped from 10,000 to 2,000 in the last twenty-five years.

THE INSTITUTION also exists in Japan, despite stringent laws against it. In a twelve-month period, according to a 1953 report of the Japanese Ministry of Labor, 1,500 cases of boys and girls sold into slavery were uncovered. But in such instances, of course, the child slaves often run away when they grow old enough, and the "owner" has no means of reclaiming them.

Involuntary Sale of Women Into Marriage. This is most commonly found among tribal Africans. The sale is by the parents; the girl becomes the property of the husband and may in turn be sold by him. If the husband dies while the slave-wife is still living, she becomes part of the inheritance and is taken over by the heir.

In French and Belgian Africa, Southern Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa laws have been passed prohibiting marriage without the consent of both parties and fixing a minimum age of consent.

Peonage and Debt-Bondage. In some underdeveloped countries—particularly Ecuador, Bolivia and Peru—an estimated eight million persons, too poor to buy land on which to live, till the property of a landlord, working for him a stipulated number of days per week—usually without payment. The landlord rivets the shackles on his peons even more firmly by maintaining a shop on the estate at which his workers must buy—for credit. The debts thus run up become hereditary and generations of peons are chained to the landlords.

In 1953, Bolivia instituted a land reform designed to solve this problem, but there are no reliable statistics to indicate what progress has been made.

International action for the abolition of slavery began at the Congress of Vienna in 1814, when seven European powers bound themselves to abolish the slave trade. In 1890 the Brussels Slavery Convention was ratified, and the following quarter-century showed great strides towards suppression of the evil. The problem was subsequently taken up by the League of Nations and, in 1948, by the U.N. The recent meeting at Geneva was designed to improve certain aspects of the Slavery Convention sponsored by the League of Nations in 1926.

But this 1926 convention has a weakness which so far the U.N. has made no serious move to remedy. While the U.N., as did the League before it, recognizes the evils of slavery, and asks states signatory to the convention to make reports on progress towards abolition, it has failed to create machinery to see that the provisions of the convention are complied with. This is the next and vital step required to put an end, once and for all, to an ancient and persistent evil.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Convenience of History

RUSSIA LEAVES THE WAR. Vol. 1: Soviet-American Relations, 1917-1920. By George F. Kennan. Princeton University Press. $7.50.

By William A. Williams

ONE OF THE most subtle, yet convincing, bits of evidence that America's cold-war policy has been less than successful is to be found in the way that several Foreign Service Officers who were prominent in the formulation of that policy have recently and coincidently begun to study history in order to understand more fully the basic weaknesses of our approach to world affairs. Of all these men, George Frost Kennan has provided the most revealing explanation of this attention to a discipline that the social scientists dismiss as archaic. Writing in 1951, after twenty-five years in the foreign service, as the author and sometime vigorous advocate of the policy of containment and as the first chairman of the Department of State's policy-planning staff, Kennan remarked that American policy-makers had no "adequately stated and widely accepted theoretical foundation to underpin the conduct of our external relations." Thus his new concern with history stemmed "from no abstract interest in history for history's sake" but rather "from a preoccupation with the problems of foreign policy we have before us today."

This statement of motivation immediately raises the question of what kind of history will be produced by students who march into the past to requisition answers for today and tomorrow. Historical wisdom is the product of coming into today from and with the past, not the result of reaching back into Clio's grab-bag for precedents and examples that seem to offer analogies for the present. The history that is written by men on the prowl for answers is not useless. It always is valuable evidence about the authors, and portions of the best of it are often stimulating and illuminating in their own right. But such history must be read and evaluated with a close eye on the situation that generated the interest and upon the author's role in that crisis.

This caution is necessary for a very simple reason. Such historians find it especially difficult to avoid slipping from the vocation of reconstructing the past into the avocation of justifying the present. For this reason their work usually takes one of two forms: the self-indulgent autobiography or memoir, or the general history which concludes that nothing else could (with the *could* often becoming a *should*) have been done. The danger is apparent. History which ignores, casually discounts or ridicules alternatives in the past leaves the impression that there is but one way in the present. And this, in turn, denies the reality and possibility of choice, that cornerstone of freedom.

Hence it is fruitful to review Kennan's emergence as a historian before considering his recent study of early relations between Washington and Moscow. Kennan's practical concern over the lack of a clear concept of foreign policy is intensified by his personal commitment to the view that foreign affairs (and a good many other things) should be the exclusive concern of an elite with very little meaningful or direct responsibility to the citizenry. He is quite aware, in other words, that an elite without a straightforward, well-thought-out and successful philosophy is something of a practical as well as a theoretical contradiction in terms. At the same time, moreover, Kennan has been confronted with the harsh, work-a-day fact that his theory of containment has not met the test for such an elite-justifying theory of foreign affairs.

It seems reasonable to assume that Kennan is conscious of this dilemma. For it is quite a shift, after all, to begin explaining recent developments in the Soviet Union in terms of the "natural" slowing down of all revolutionary movements, and to suggest that the proper way to meet the challenge of the Communists is by "looking the other way," after having formerly asserted that it was necessary for the United States singlehandedly to undertake the job of promoting "tendencies which must eventually find their outlet in either the break-up or the gradual mellowing of Soviet power." Being a nationalistic and an ambitious political personality (consider his views on colonialism and his persistent activity in the higher echelons of the Democratic Party), as well as an intelligent and perceptive one, these conflicts produce a fundamental ambivalence and not a few basic contradictions in both his proposals for the present and his history. At times, indeed, it seems as though he would like to resolve the difficulty by proving, as an historian, that containment was justified and then, as Secretary of State, initiating a new and milder policy designed to avoid the unhappy consequences of driving the Soviet Union into desperate measures against the containment-liberation policy.

SEVERAL other aspects of Kennan's outlook need to be kept in mind when reading his history. He has spoken, candidly to be sure, but nonetheless significantly, of a possible "tendency to idealization of the American past." He has argued, apparently with no irony intended, that the two objectives of achieving security and the "promotion of private American activity abroad" result in a "very modest and restrained" foreign policy. And while he has been at great labor to criticize

WILLIAM A. WILLIAMS, editor of the recently published The Shaping of American Diplomacy, *is assistant professor of history at the University of Oregon.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

severely the legalistic and moralistic approach to foreign policy, he has publicly delivered moral and ethical judgments on almost every major event in world affairs since his views became newsworthy.

These considerations may help the reader evaluate Kennan's analysis of early relations with the Soviets. A few central issues may be singled out for introductory attention. His original intention was "to attempt a critical appraisal of the actions and policies" of the United States and the Soviet Union "over a much longer span of time" than the single year to which he devotes 500 pages. This project was dropped, however, because he found no study of early relations which used "all the sources available today" and which, therefore, "could serve as an adequate foundation for critical judgment." What this comment implies about the policy-making methodology and routine of one of the top experts of the foreign service elite may be left for individual reflection, but it is relevant to judge Kennan's research by the standards he applies to others.

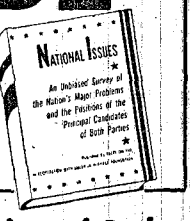
THE PIONEER works on American-Soviet relations are weak because all the sources were not available. But while it may be regretted that certain later studies do not refer overtly to all key sources, or quote from them at greater length, a close examination of them makes it clear that they have been written from such research. In view of his stringent judgment of these works, therefore, it is most illuminating to find that Kennan makes no mention of having commuted from Princeton to Harvard to use the extensive manuscripts of Leon Trotsky. Neither does he list Issac Deutcher's biography of Trotsky in his "selected bibliography," though he does find space for such a slight volume as Henry Davidson's reminiscences of *The American Red Cross in the Great War.*

Such omissions, and there are others of the same character, are cause for more than a raucus quibble between bibliophiles. One of Kennan's basic theses is that the Soviets never seriously considered continuing the war against Germany, or of making some arrangement with the United States for the aid necessary to carry out such a policy. This analysis makes it possible for Kennan to dismiss the labors of such men as Raymond Robins, who worked for this *modus vivendi* as a first step in modifying the antagonism between Washington and Moscow, as little more than the escapades of latter-day Don Quixotes. But the fact is, and it is made quite clear (explicitly or implicitly) in several of the studies which Kennan dismisses, that the Bolsheviks engaged in a long, bitter and fundamental debate on this issue of taking aid from the Allies in order to renew the war against Germany. Lenin revealed his basic ambivalence as early as December 8, 1917, and as late as March 6, 1918, he admitted to his colleagues —in the midst of negotiations with Robins and others—that within two days he might change his view and agree with those who insisted on striking back against Germany. Kennan neglects to tell this part of the story—and several others of equal significance. Thus his conclusion that the efforts of Robins, and others beyond the pale of the foreign-affairs elite, made no difference loses most of its meaning, either historically or for the present.

Kennan continues to argue in this vein when considering Robins' proposal to ask Washington for aid if the Soviets renewed hostilities against Germany. He discounts such moves as meaningless because the Soviets were not ready to promise to renew the war in return for such requests for Washington to supply aid. The close parallel between this interpretation of past events and the official policy of the United States between 1946 and 1952 is obvious. This concept of negotiation, which demands that the other party accept your proposals or desires before obtaining even an agreement to consider a *quid pro quo,* is akin to asking a crossroads banker to cash a $10,000 check without identification or verification.

Kennan is so preoccupied with the undemocratic aspects of the Soviet government that he fails to see that the Bolshevik leaders have—and do

THE INTELLIGENT
VOTER'S GUIDE
TO OUR "NATIONAL ISSUES"


NATIONAL ISSUES
An Unbiased Survey of the Nation's Major Problems and the Positions of the Principal Candidates of Both Parties

How Political Leaders of Both Parties Stand On The Big, Basic Issues Facing America

IN the best of political debate, issues become confused. Candidates are sometimes misquoted, often misunderstood. But their true feelings and actions are stamped unmistakably on their records. Be sure to vote for men who will fight for the ideas and ideals you want supported!

"NATIONAL ISSUES" gives you *facts* about the candidates—and complete background information on the problems they're arguing about!

"NATIONAL ISSUES"—a fascinating new political handbook for the voter and the campaign worker—analyzes in a completely neutral, non-partisan fashion more than twenty problems of vital concern to all thinking Americans:

AGRICULTURE	LABOR
FOREIGN POLICY	ARMED FORCES
EDUCATION	DOMESTIC COMMUNISM
ATOMIC ENERGY	NATURAL GAS
HOUSING	TIDELANDS OIL
HIGHWAYS PROGRAM	HEALTH PROGRAM
HAWAIIAN & ALASKAN STATEHOOD	GOVERNMENT & BUSINESS
POWER & WATER RESOURCES	IMMIGRATION & REFUGEES
TAXES & BUDGET-BALANCING	CIVIL RIGHTS

Get the full, detailed story behind these and other important issues. Learn what the major parties and their leaders propose to do about them. Order "NATIONAL ISSUES" today... only $3.50 a copy!

PUBLISHED BY FACTS ON FILE

In cooperation with the American Heritage Foundation

FACTS ON FILE 1-9
119 W. 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.
Please send me....copies of "NATIONAL ISSUES" at $3.50 per copy.
☐ $... Enclosed ☐ Please Bill Me
Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone....State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—engage in significant debate among themselves. And, as more and more observers are realizing, there is a grave danger in making policy on the assumption that *any* government is literally totalitarian. The totalitarian hypothesis begets the same trouble in writing history. For in neither case is it true. No government ever existed in which the decision-makers confronted such a prolonged and major crisis as the Brest Litovsk negotiations without engaging in a searching debate over alternatives. Issac Deutcher, one of the scholars he failed to cite, recently made a devastating critique of Kennan's policy of containment on just this basis. And as far as early American-Soviet relations are concerned, Kennan would be far more accurate if he referred to the leadership in Washington when he spoke of a government that had no intention of exploring the alternatives to unmitigated antagonism between the West and the Bolsheviks.

BUT EVEN Kennan, in the last analysis, cannot get around the fact that it was Wilson and Lansing—not Lenin and Trotsky—who refused to consider the idea of some working arrangement. It becomes necessary, indeed, to end the book on just this note: "Once again, as so often in the course of these rapidly moving events, Washington—troubled, hesitant, and ill-informed—had spoken, reluctantly, into the past." Some perceptive scholar may well find that summing-up an equally fitting conclusion for a study of American policy during the years when Kennan exercised his influence. And such a student, as with us, may wonder whether or not it might have been different if the interest in history had come before the crisis instead of after.

But "La-di-da" Is Non-U

NOBLESSE OBLIGE. An Enquiry Into the Identifiable Characteristics of the English Aristocracy. Edited by Nancy Mitford. Introduction by Russell Lynes. Harper and Brothers. $3.

By John R. Willingham

"I WISH they knew the life of a young noble," with mock exasperation said Lord Byron in *Don Juan*. But Byron's mysterious combination of derision and class pride found a readily identifiable focus in a British nobility which still had great wealth and perhaps greater political power in the early nineteenth century. Now, into a fray involving a presumably beleaguered English aristocracy, has leaped the Honorable Mrs. Peter Rodd (Nancy Mitford) with results disquieting for the domestic tranquillity of England (never say "Britain" without revealing that you are hopelessly middle class!). Miss Mitford, who regularly shocks and delights England and America with her perky novels, now sallies forth as editor of and major contributor to a lively volume of essays about the mores and speech habits of what many others had passed off as a moribund English aristocracy.

The flurry began with the publication in an English philological journal of a study called Linguistic Class-Indicators in Present-Day English, by Professor Alan Ross of Birmingham University. Miss Mitford gleefully took the main drift of the professor's study and applied it to her own observations of the aristocracy ("upper middle class," she dubs it) with delightful comic effect. Her own essay, entitled The English Aristocracy, was first published in *Encounter*, a magazine with distinctly upper middle-class appeal. Miss Mitford's major assertions are that in England there still exists a marked class structure; that the English aristocrat is "a wily old bird" who has lulled an unsuspecting world into believing that he is on his last legs politically and financially; that this clever aristocracy presumably is just biding its time until some happier day arrives; and that its sturdy survival is clearly manifest in certain linguistic habits. This upper middle-class speech and manner she designates as "U" and those of everyone else as "non-U." According to her neat distinctions, it is, for example, U to say "table-napkin" but unmistakably non-U to say "serviette." Only a non-U person would speak of a "teacher"; the U terms are "master," "mistress," or more specifically "maths-mistress." Professor Ross, whose study appears in a condensed version in this volume, informs us that one who spoofs at such U niceties by calling them "la-di-da" is most certainly non-U.

Miss Mitford's *Encounter* essay called forth a plentiful supply of retorts, denials, corrections, commendations and further fun. An entire issue of *Punch* was given over to the hilarious, mock epic-like war of words. Evelyn Waugh (who also turns up in this volume) joined the open season by writing a rebuking letter, in which he asserted that Miss Mitford and Professor Ross had duped the public by seriously espousing such dogmatic and even romantic notions. And judging by the findings of American linguistic studies, one would have to admit that Waugh has the formidable advantage of truth on his side. As Americans very well know, the speech of almost any social class unremittingly penetrates two regions—the one below and the one above (if any). If the English parlor game of "Are you U or non-U?" should migrate across the Atlantic, the political results might be confusing. Governor Stevenson would be unmasked as pure U, while General Eisenhower would certainly be redeemed as completely non-U (an advantage in a republic).

IT IS comforting to have Miss Mitford's assurance that such distinctions outside England are unimportant: "An aristocracy in a republic is like a chicken whose head has been cut off: it may run about in a lively way, but in fact it is dead." Even Henry James does not pass the U test; he started letters with such a salutation as "dear Margot Asquith," which Miss Mitford declares to be completely non-U, although she charitably explains that this was perhaps excusable usage for an

JOHN R. WILLINGHAM is a professor of English at Centenary College of Louisiana.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American. And Russell Lynes, who writes an essay introductory to these English mysteries for American readers, assures us that "the charm of the essays in this book is at least partly their insularity" and that "this is a family joke told in family language." The strictures of Mrs. Emily Post are the nearest American equivalent we can offer for the fulminations of the Mitford-Ross combination; but as Mr. Lynes points out, the U equivalent would hardly regard Mrs. Post's taboos with either reverence or hostility. The illustrations by Osbert Lancaster and a piece of verse called How to Get On in Society by John Betjeman add much to the high level of fun contained in this book.

Poems in a Procrustean Frame

FIFTEEN MODERN AMERICAN POETS. Edited by George P. Elliott. Rinehart. $1.65.

By M. L. Rosenthal

THE DAYS of exciting new anthologies full of misprints, surprises and hoaxes and prefaced by screaming, strutting manifestoes are sadly over. In this age of Quiet Authority the teacher-critics, scholarly and sound and thorough (at their best, that is), have replaced the craftsman-propagandists. Their work, designed for durability in the study rather than fireworks in the market-place or forum, usually seems conceived less out of passion than out of a sense of duty to the race.

George P. Elliott's *Fifteen Modern American Poets* is a sensible collection of pieces by that "middle generation" which, as Mr. Elliott says, begins with Richard Eberhart and ends with Richard Wilbur. Each poet has some twenty pages, whether he has that many pages worth of good poetry to his credit or not, and within this Procrustean framework a catholic but somewhat uneven editorial taste goes to work. The taste is intelligently discriminating in its selection from Jarrell, Lowell, Nemerov, Scott, Miss Bishop and the two poets named earlier. It relaxes noticeably in its tolerance of some of Plutzik's expansive rhetoric and of the self-indulgent softnesses that occur here and there in Shapiro, Schevill and Schwartz. And it is bold and courageous, however debatable some of the individual choices, in its cullings of hitherto unanthologized poems by Roethke, Warren and the Misses Rukeyser and Miles. (One real virtue of this book is that it does so seldom overlap with other current anthologies.)

NOW PUT all these writers side by side within the same covers in this fashion and you will almost automatically have something of value: a generous selection from the work of a number of vigorous and accomplished contemporary poets whose achievement is too often ignored in the dazzle of what their famous immediate predecessors have done. Moreover, we have many suggestive affinities revealed here, despite all necessary exceptions and qualifications. In the main, for example, these poets share a varied but deep and recurrent obsession with the theme of death, a quietly insistent personalism and nonconformism, certain strains of humanitarian-pacifist feeling inherited directly from the temper of between-wars literary movements, and a renewed experimentation with traditional, simple and purely lyrical forms. Nevertheless, the book is seriously hampered by its arbitrary division into twenty-page segments, and one does after all expect an anthology to have a conscious motivation more ardent and complex than the simple desire to represent poets born between 1904 and 1921.

The absence of any larger critical

M. L. ROSENTHAL *is poetry editor of* The Nation. *He is associate professor of English at New York University and his most recent work is* Exploring Poetry.

Hart Crane

Forgive him, sea-petals,
  remember him not
  as you will not,
lipped by the wave,
  sea-moulded among the conches.

His straw was in the wind
  running like an idiot
    with moss in the ears—
devising plans for killing rats,
  for evading stenches,
stabbing for the heart
  to sustain himself
among the walkers and the riders
  and the heaven-borne.

Creep into the sockets,
  Old Man of the Sea,
come down into the skull;
only his song
  pounds the Atlantic Highlands
    looking, America, for you.

WALTER LOWENFELS

TO AUTHORS
seeking a publisher

Send for our free, illustrated booklet titled To the Author in Search of a Publisher. It tells how we can publish, promote, and distribute your book, as we have done for hundreds of other writers. All subjects considered. New authors welcomed. Write today for Booklet No. 103. It's free.
VANTAGE PRESS, 120 West 31 St., New York 1
In Calif.: 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28

Your Book Published!

Our famous royalty plan launched 627 authors. We publish, advertise, distribute. Send manuscript for free report or write for Brochure B.
PAGEANT PRESS, 130 W. 42nd St., N. Y. 36

BLACKLISTING
in movies,
radio,
TV
the famous report by
JOHN COGLEY
for the
Fund for the Republic
now available
2 vols. (paper) $2.50 per set
order by mail

MERIDIAN BOOKS, dept. N
17 Union Square
New York, N. Y.
Enclosed please find .....
for ..... sets of "Report on Blacklisting" at $2.50 per set. (NYC add 3% CST).
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conception or principle militates against the full success of this collection in various ways. Apart from the inevitable padding, the rationale behind the choice of particular poets and poems remains finally unclear. Thus, Mr. Elliott must be well aware of John Ciardi's *Mid-Century American Poets,* published six years ago. But it would be impossible to conjecture why he omits five of Ciardi's poets, adds five of his own and holds on to ten others. On what grounds of preference or system—apart from that independence of judgment which is every editor's privilege when it is earned—does he make any of his choices? The preface makes one debonair confession, but it hardly can be said to clear the matter up.

> An anthologist of current poetry seeks both Excellence and Sales; these do not always combine well, and they are very hard to be sure of ahead of time. Therefore, in making his actual choices he blends what he has at hand, his own Taste and the poet's Reputation (both of which he knows to be fallible), and thanks God when the two are identical. When they are not identical, he blends and blends and blends.

This is both too frank and not frank enough. But we would add one final consideration on the subject of anthologies. Birth-dates are more or less accidental, and it might reasonably be argued that Hart Crane, Horace Gregory and the later Stevens and Williams are—with others—more truly indicative of the poetry of recent decades than a few of the authors Mr. Elliott so devoutly includes; *some* of their poems, at least, might well be substituted for *some* poems by the latter group. Certainly there is great need for a first-rate anthology of the best work since about 1930, one which would most likely give Ciardi's and Elliott's poets the bulk of its space but would not exclude vital poems because their authors happened to be born in 1899 or 1902 or 1922.

Many of Mr. Elliott's choices, perhaps even most of them, are happy ones, yet one would wish to see them in a more committed and meaningful context than the one provided here.

LETTER FROM PARIS

Gerald Sykes

Paris

AFTER ABOUT two years in this city I must go home. Along with a great many other Americans I shall soon be boarding a crowded liner with a head full of European memories that fortunately do not have to be declared at the customs house. Let me indicate a few of them, all related to the ever central subject of expatriation, in this last letter.

Expatriation does not get as much publicity now as it once did, but it continues of course, and in much greater volume than before. Our new international commitments have seen to that. By far the largest number of our new expatriates are serving their government or their company abroad. The best-known representative of them, perhaps, is that latest heroine of the comic strip, the Army Wife. As a whole they seem to prefer to remain huddled together in officers' clubs and PXs, to disdain "natives" as much as British colonials did in the nineteenth century, and to surround themselves with creature comforts—big cars, big iceboxes, bourbon whiskey, laxa-

Memory of Paris

In Paris they remember Paris was there before Christ.
This is not an important memory in Rome. It *is*
a memory, to be sure, but among other business.

In Paris talk comes slower and with longer pauses.
On parade days there is much wiping of eyes
as the flag passes. The young are mad for *le jazz hot.*

There is something and nothing inside seventy million
French memories, moods, and preoccupations
that stands forever at windows into a twilight.

"Nous sommes foutu!" cries the *café* philosopher
after two hours of nursing a *demi-bierre.*
"Nous sommes français!" jerks the barmaid, but it hangs there—

a clumsy reflex. A self-evident unanswerable
self-evidently unanswered, even by the last *éleve*
and the last before it and the last before it stumbling

blood-stubbled in the sun-burst dunes to no end,
and the bottom scraped. "Morocco? That *is* France!"
And the Deputies cheer. But the *café* falls silent

except for the billiard balls clicked by two Norwegians,
and an hour's-comma later in the same conversation
the philosopher answers her: *"Et puis foutu!"*

It is very much to remember everything that must be
remembered today in Paris. The best of men
suddenly, between *demi* and *demi,* is caught in a fog-filled

speculation most like a dawn-mist in the Coliseum.
Something in Paris is changing memories faster
than all the stones can hold. Or the stones are breathing.

The mist walks up one alley and another.
At the *Vieux Columbier* across the mist
les amateurs dig-dig le Muskrat Ramble.

JOHN CIARDI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive chewing gum—with ritual rigidity. All this is understandable and not worth satire; these people are unhappy and scared, however prosperous; daily they are subjected to subtle brain-washings that would destroy all their composure if they did not cling tenaciously to Donald Duck and Baby Ruth. Old stones speak far more forcibly than they are supposed to speak, and every day in old countries they cut new people—who after all did not know what psychological traps they were walking into—down to size.

A frightened family of this sort spent a few weeks at my hotel: a middle-aged couple from California with two teen-aged sons. The father, an official of a government program, laid down a sound line for his little brood quickly: "The best way to treat a foreign language is never learn a word of it. I can get anything I want anywhere in English." One son caused trouble when he praised French artichokes as better than those grown in California, but when he said that Spanish oranges also tasted better he caused his father to walk away in a rage. "That isn't true," his father said. "That can't be true."

They were on their way home after a tour of duty in Holland, and they looked happier as the day approached when they could finally get on the ship and escape all attacks on the articles of their faith.

IN ALL fairness it should be added that this kind of nationalistic anxiety is also prevalent among the French—and any other European or Asian or African people I have seen. Patriotism has its sure-fire appeal everywhere, at the voting booth and also at the sales counter, precisely because almost all people have been conditioned to resolve even personal problems with the narrow jingo slogans that have been intravenously fed them since infancy. Detachment is much rarer than it is supposed to be. Millions of Frenchmen believe themselves the inheritors of a great intellectual tradition which exempts them from such petty prejudice—in much the same way that a Moslem friend of mine felt free to drink alcohol because his ancestors had observed the Koran's prohibition—but in reality the French are notoriously touchy about anything that questions French prestige as a great power; and the more so, naturally, in recent years. It has become such a habit among travellers to regard the French as unable to reconcile themselves gracefully to their fallen status, in fact, that their many excellences are in danger of being overlooked. They have sniffed their way into undeserved unpopularity, especially among American tourists, who recoil from their condescension and often take revenge by making an efficiency cult of the Germans or a Stendhal cult of the Italians.

EVEN among intellectuals and artists there are few today who would still echo Jefferson's "Every man has two countries, his own and France." Paris has its diehard expatriates in what seem to be considerable numbers, but my impression was that on the whole they are getting on. An evening with some of them stands out in my mind: a dinner party given by a lady who had accompanied Fitzgerald on his 1920s visit to Edith Wharton's house on the rue de Varenne. The dinner was given for a prominent New York art dealer, during a periodic quest of French "name" paintings that would sell in sufficient quantity to justify an American experiment or two. In the course of the dinner a man made a striking remark about the earlier days of himself and the art dealer, who had also lived in Paris. He said: "God, we were attractive!" It struck the right note of elegy and self-preoccupation, and was typical enough of the older expatriates as they are today. Such people are dying out. Their sensibility is considerably keener than that of the Army Wife, but their range, if possible, is getting even smaller. Their wit must now be retroactive. Little in the present day delights them.

There are other expatriates in France, however, besides the Americans. It has become an old joke how many "School of Paris" painters are Spanish or Russian or German or Polish or Dutch or something else. Foreign names also abound here in other arts and in the sciences. For centuries Paris has known how to naturalize talent, and since the war a great many people who emigrated for a while to New York have come back here. It is a sign of the continuing cultural vitality of this place, a vitality no longer aided by low prices.

The intellectual center of the Western world was once Athens, later Rome, still later Paris. Is it about to jump the Atlantic? As an American, I hope so; as an observer, I don't think so. Intellectuals enjoy life more in Paris than in New York. There is more of an atmosphere of relaxed respect for truth, of openness to new ideas; there is less of an atmosphere of salesmanship. Old stones have a way of discouraging self-promotion, at least in its cruder forms; they can even help people to be sure they have something to say before they open their mouths. Paris has much to learn from New York in the practical and necessary art of adjustment to the twentieth century. New York, which periodic-

NEW! The HI-FI SENSATION of the YEAR!

ENJOY fine music at its high-fidelity best . . . brilliantly played . . . flawlessly recorded. . . and interpreted as the composer intended.

This is a rare opportunity to possess exclusive **FIRST EDITION RECORDS** — first recordings of newly commissioned works by outstanding composers, played superbly by the renowned

LOUISVILLE ORCHESTRA
Robert Whitney, Conductor

These "collector's item" recordings are made in consultation with the composer and are engineered by Columbia Masterworks technicians. Available for a limited time, *from the Society only*, they represent a priceless collection of new, exciting music . . . the finest expressions of living composers the world over.

"Splendid sound."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer

". . . a service to music unequalled."
—Christian Science Monitor

". . . the reproduction is a model of clarity."
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat

". . . recording and performances, excellent."
—Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

OFFER LIMITED—SEND TODAY FOR INFORMATION ON FREE TRIAL RECORDS

LOUISVILLE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY
Dept. N, 830 S. 4th St., Louisville 3, Ky.
Please send me free, complete information on exclusive First Edition Records and free record offer.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ally blasts even the few old stones it has managed to accumulate, has still more to learn from Paris in the quieter art of understanding reality and being transformed by it.

If there is any validity in the idea of a "Third Force"—and anyone who does not wish to be completely politicalized by the cold war must recognize it—it is more cultural than political. Paris is having a *mauvais quart-d'heure,* but it is still the most humane storm cellar between the Cominform of the Russians and the Mominform of our own most emotional compatriots.

RECORDS

B. H. Haggin

SOMEONE who can't afford the reproducing equipment required for the best sound from records can have excellent sound from an assemblage comprising two Bozak 207-A woofer-tweeter systems ($84 each) in Bozak E-300 cabinets ($75 each; available in kit form for $40) or in two cabinets constructed according to the specifications I gave last week (the two speaker cabinets are placed side by side), a Bogen DB-130 30-watt amplifier ($115), the Fairchild 225-A cartridge ($37.50), the Gray 108-C arm ($40) and the Garrard 301 motor and turntable ($87). If the components other than the speakers are not put into a cabinet the motor, turntable and arm can be mounted on a Garrard base ($24), and a cage is available for the Bogen amplifier ($7.50). For 78-rpm records a Fairchild 225-C cartridge must be added ($37.50). The response of the Bozak speaker has the steep roll-off above 10,000 cycles that is necessary for some London records; and the Bogen amplifier provides similar roll-offs at lower points for the elimination of the noise of 78-rpm records.

One Bozak 207-A instead of two in the above assemblage will produce sound of similar quality, but without the additional fullness and solidity from the second Bozak 207-A.

Good sound can be had at less cost with a Radio Shack *Realistic* 20-watt amplifier ($69.50), a Rek-O-Kut L-34 motor and turntable ($49.50) and a Rek-O-Kut arm ($27). The cartridges should still be Fairchilds and the speaker the Bozak 207-A; but if further savings must be made one can substitute the G. E. RPX-061A and 063A cartridges with diamond styli ($20 each; a sapphire stylus shouldn't be used with either LP or 78-rpm records) and, last of all, the RCA SL-12 speaker ($30) in a Riveredge 12-inch bass-reflex cabinet ($24).

I have said nothing about automatic record-changers because they are not needed with LP records that play twenty-five minutes per side, and are pointless if one removes the dust from each side before playing it, as one should.

For all the assemblages I have described the Radio Shack *Realist* FM tuner ($40, plus $6 for cabinet) is excellent; but in fringe areas it may be better to use the Harman-Kardon A-400 ($90).

* * *

COLUMBIA ML-5107 offers three recent works of Stravinsky. *In Memoriam Dylan Thomas* (1954) is a setting of Thomas' *Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night* for tenor and string quartet, with a dirge-like prelude and postlude for trombones in alternation with string quartet. The instrumental portions and several of the vocal phrases are very moving; and the fitting of note to note is fascinating throughout. The Three Shakespeare Songs (1953) I find unsuccessful; and of the Septet (1953) the first movement has engaging passages, and the passacaglia in the second movement is wonderfully made, but the third movement is altogether unattractive. In addition the record has a number of early vocal pieces: Four Russian Songs (1915-1919), Two Balmont Songs (1911), Three Japanese Lyrics (1913), Three Souvenirs (1913) and Four Russian Choruses (1914-1917), most of which are engaging. Stravinsky himself conducts singers and instrumentalists in excellent performances.

Apollon Musagète is not only one of Stravinsky's most beautifully wrought scores but one of the few that are directly expressive; and its expressiveness is very touching throughout, but especially in the hauntingly beautiful coda. Ansermet conducts L'Orchestre de la Suisse romande in an excellent performance on London LL-1401. He also conducts a performance of *Renard,* a work I don't care for.

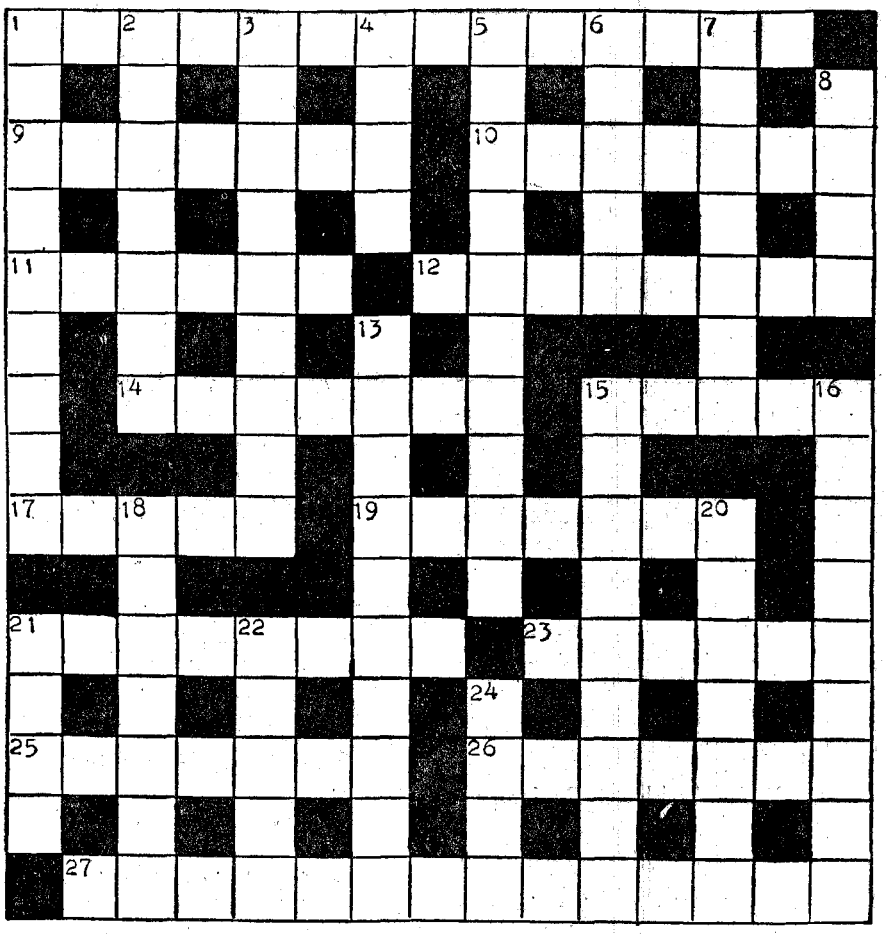
Stravinsky's *Les Noces* was an effective sound-track for Nijinska's wonderful ballet; but I find it uninteresting to listen to by itself. The performance on Epic LC-3231 in which de Nobel conducts the Netherlands Chamber Choir with vocal soloists and a group of pianists and percussionists is good; but it is sung in French, and I would prefer the performance on Vanguard 452 with the Russian words whose sound should be retained, it seems to me, in music which uses voices like instruments. Also on the record are Stravinsky's Mass and his *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria,* additional works of his I don't care for.

And finally Angel 35204/L offers his opera *Le Rossignol,* performed well by Janine Micheau and other soloists, chorus and the National Orchestra of the French Radio under Cluytens. Stravinsky wrote the first act in 1909, laid it aside to compose *The Firebird* for Diaghilev, and added the remaining two acts in 1913, when his musical language, as he says, "had been appreciably modified." It is the first act that has what little good music there is in the work: the orchestral introduction, in an idiom resembling that of *The Firebird;* the pretty song of the Fisherman; some amusing writing at the point where the Chamberlain, the Bonze and the Courtiers mistake first the bellowing of the cow and then the croaking of the frogs for the singing of the Nightingale. But what is offered as the bird's song is Stravinskyan artifice which creates no believable illusion either in this act or later; and all the writing in the later acts is exceedingly thin and ineffective.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 689

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The reconstruction period of the Italian Bori. (14)
9 The absence of sound license. (7)
10 Ameliorate. (7)
11 Make your point before time—and hope it doesn't set in. (6)
12 Wander out of 10 and the result might make this. (7)
14 Vegetable and animal—yet a fine-feathered specimen. (7)
15 Pertaining to the mind or spirit. (5)
17 These sail, more or less obviously. (5)
19 The habit of ten-percenters. (7)
21 This is bound to be dusky. (8)
23 To fix up in like compensation. (6)
25 See 8 down
26 Comparatively flashy, more like Mr. Bumpo. (7)
27 One of these had a holiday on the stage. (They gathered about the knee of Old Timer.) (14)

DOWN:

1 Livers are upset by red insets. (9)
2 Has a peculiar lilt, and possibly an awkward step about it, as you might easily see from here. (7)
3 A rather kindly insect, and gracious. (9)
4 This German song didn't tell a true story. (4)
5 This clue isn't very important. (10)
6 A favorite subject of Giotto pictures. (5)
7 A foreign college man chops up one of Lily's family with an ax. (7)
8 and 25 across He made a discovery his father was a Red. (4, 7)
13 Sounds like the main-lands should be an example of self-restraint. (10)
15 Mother has very simple surroundings, in a manner of speaking. (9)
16 As certain in things as comforts. (9)
18 Cupid has something charged—this (7)
is the way things might be worn.
20 The real character of a bad actress, when young. (7)
21 Flourished like an older statesman. (4)
22 Is a Greek letter thus written in Latin? (5)
24 Slight check. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 688:

ACROSS: 1 SCABS; 4 CANCER; 11 CARTOON; 12 OBELISK; 13 ALBUM LEAF; 14 MASKS; 15 POOR RELATIONS; 17 CONSIDERATION; 22 ABETS; 24 NOTORIETY; 25 ON TRIAL; 26 OMELETS; 27 TOXINS; 28 STATE. DOWN: 2 CARABAO; 3 BOOKMARKS; 5 ABEAM; 6 CRIMSON; 7 RAKISH; 8 SCRAP; 9 INDEPENDENTLY; 10 CONFLAGRATION; 16 INTERSECT; 18 OVERTAX; 19 ONE CENT; 20

RESORTS

MUSIC and CHARM, we have BOTH
ARROWHEAD LODGE
in ELLENVILLE, N. Y.
Summer theatre nearby. Clay tennis courts, entertainment, folk, square and social dancing. Painting, arts and crafts. Golf, all sports. 2 hours from N. Y. C. (Thruway).
Call CH 2-2453 Ellenville 502

50 Miles to FOREST HOUSE
Near enough for a weekend, fine enough for a season's stay. Luxury and comfort in a fireproof building. AIR-CONDITIONED and ELEVATOR-SERVICED . . . Unexcelled cuisine. Tops for sports. Nat Manners Orchestra; Benito & Gloria, dance team . . . Sophisticated entertainment.
FOREST HOUSE
Lake Mahopac, N.Y. ● Tel. Mahopac 8-3449
In N.Y.C. Phone (local rate): FAirbanks 5-7227

West Point Farms
RELAX in quiet, lovely surroundings.
40 miles from N. Y.
Rooms with private bath.
Superb cuisine.
Golf next door.
New Swimming Pool.
Central Valley, New York
(Highland Mills 7895)

ART

WHY MEXICO? Join American colony studying arts, crafts, Spanish, Creative Writing. . . . Beginners, professionals. . . . MFA. . . . Room, board from $60 monthly. . . . Mexico's most beautiful colonial town. . . . Illustrated prospectus? INSTITUTO ALLENDE, Box 4, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

LITERARY SERVICES

COMPLETE LITERARY SERVICES. Write for terms. No obligation. Daniel S. Mead, Literary Agent, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

Complete Personality Analysis from Your Handwriting
Fee $5.00
Alfred Kanfer
62 Leroy St., New York 14, N. Y.
Endorsed by scientific authorities, hospitals, insurance companies, colleges, psych. journals.
Receiver of research grants.

INSURANCE

carl BRODSKY jack r.
Any kind of Insurance
Auto, Fire, Floaters, etc.; Life, Annuities
PERSONAL AND BUSINESS
799 Broadway, N.Y.C., cor. 11 St.
GR 5-3826

PERSONALS

20" WINDOW FAN—Cools average 3 to 4 room apartment. Regularly $52.50 — SPECIAL $27.63. Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Ave. (13th and 14th Sts.), N.Y.C. GR 3-7819. 1 hour free parking or 2 tokens.

ADVERTISE
YOUR WANTS
IN THE NATION

Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N.Y.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who Uses THE NATION in the CLASSROOM?

"Its value to our students lies in its integrity, humanity, and the timeliness of the issues and problems selected each week. It is a big factor in helping us to develop intelligent, informed and responsible citizens out of our students."

—Candace Stone,
Chairman Social Science Department, Anderson College, Indiana

"In essence, I have found classroom subscriptions to *The Nation* an invaluable aid in acquainting my students with a liberal approach to contemporary problems."

—Marc Karson,
Associate Professor Political Science, Washburn University, Topeka, Kansas

"A student in a basic course in Public Affairs, American Society, or American Government who does not become acquainted with the magazines of opinion should ask for his money back—the course has not taken. Of all weekly magazines, *The Nation,* has the longest record in holding a consistently liberal viewpoint, and in opposing privilege in any form. Reading a magazine of critical opinion such as *The Nation,* is one step toward achieving civic competence and should be included as an integral part of training for citizenship."

—J. A. Burkhart, *Professor Political Science, Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri*

"I have used *The Nation* in my classes for many years, along with other weekly and bi-weekly periodicals, and I find that the students always comment on the forthright editorials and the clear, informative articles in it. Your issues contain a wealth of facts which really point the trends."

—Dr. D. F. Fleming, *Department of Political Science, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.*

* * *

ED. NOTE: *The Nation* wishes to thank each of the educators who has generously taken time to write us, telling of the contribution we make to the living classroom. It would require pages of space to quote them all here.

* * *

Because America's oldest journal of critical opinion, The Nation, *is unique in its coverage of events — political, economic, military and cultural —you will find it an effective fulcrum in helping you open the mind of your students to the realities of the world surrounding them.*

SPECIAL CLASSROOM RATE: 40c PER MONTH PER STUDENT

in bundle orders of ten copies or more delivered to the same address. Desk copy is supplied free to the teacher. Simply fill out the coupon below for immediate service.

THE Nation

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
THE NATION
333 Sixth Avenue
New York 14, N. Y.

Please send me:

..... copies per month for ..... months.
(minimum order 10 copies per month)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

9-15-56

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED